

HOLINESS TO THE LORD.

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JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR

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APRIL 1, 1900.

Designed
for the
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of the
Young

GEORGE Q.
CANNON
EDITOR

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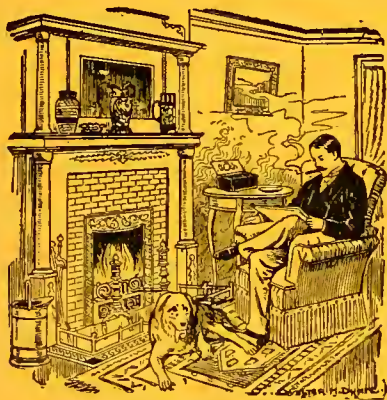
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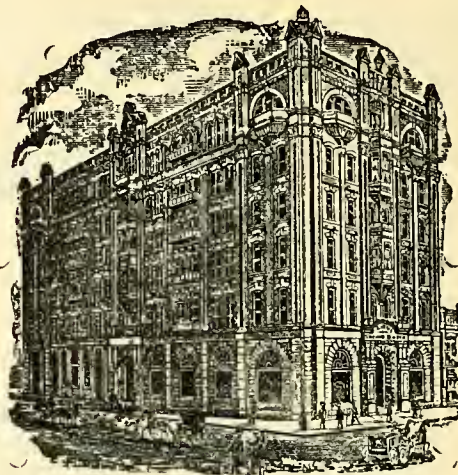
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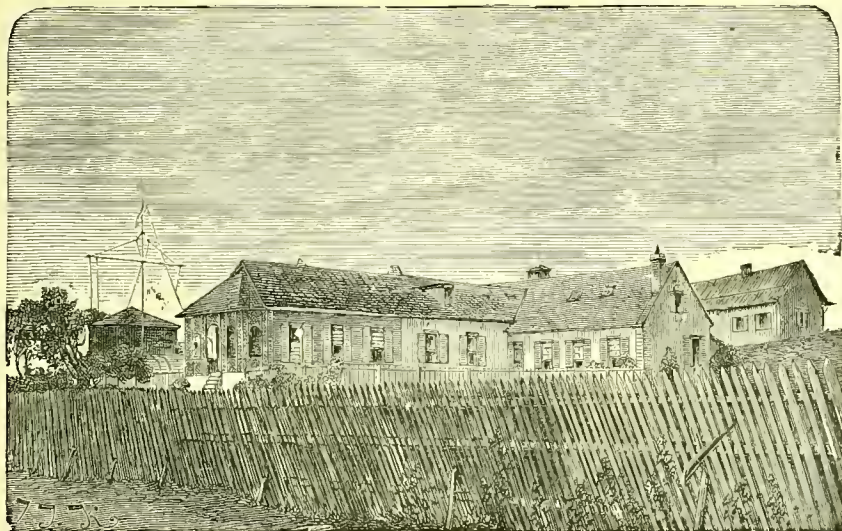
No. 7.

WHERE ENGLAND SENDS TROUBLESOME ENEMIES.

IT is now not quite a hundred years since England sent Napoleon Bonaparte to the lonely isle of St. Helena to chafe and breathe out the balance of his restless life. Since then other chieftains who have dared to measure strength with the «mistress of the seas» and have found to

life; and thither probably Oom Paul Kruger and others will follow him if England has her way.

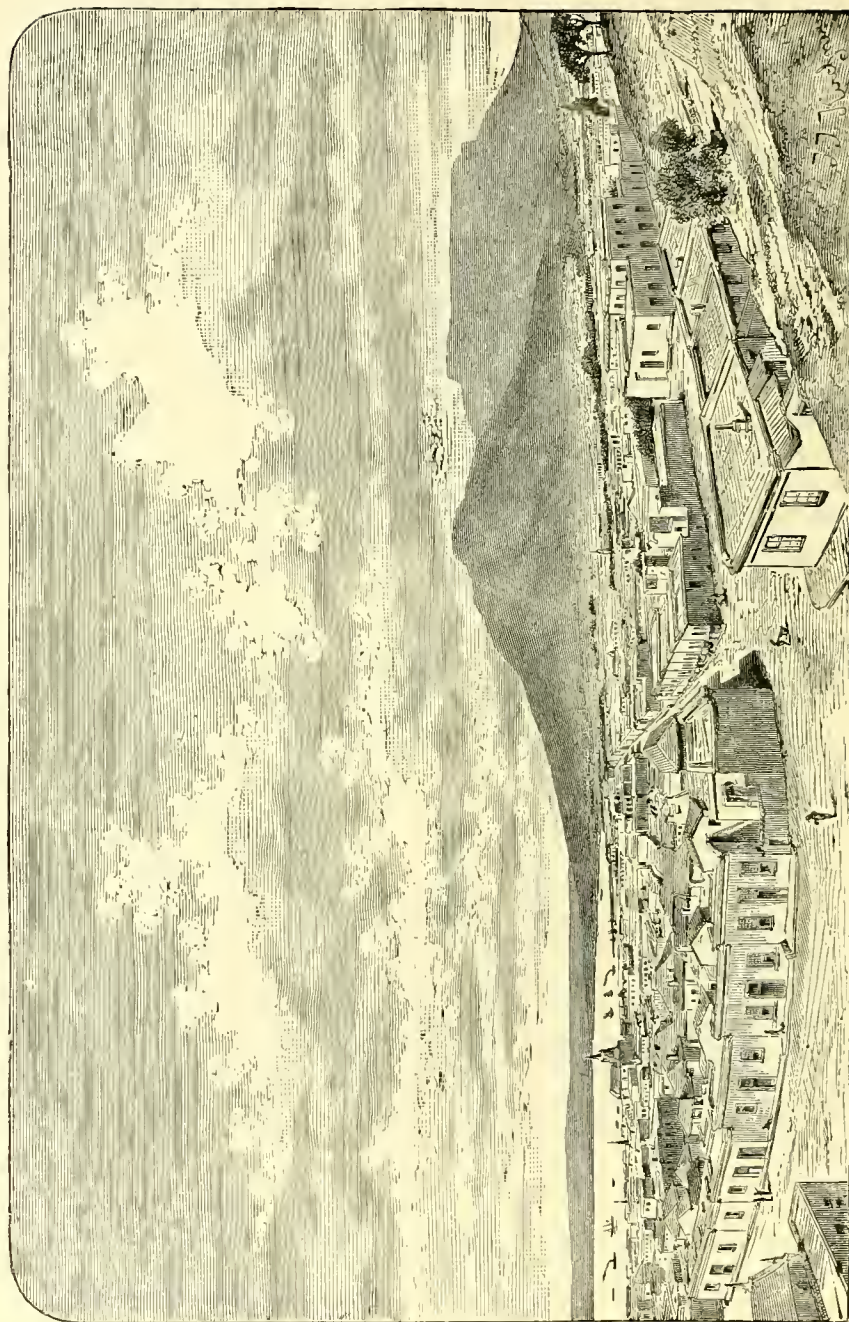
Napoleon was sent there because he was a thorn in the flesh of all Europe, and because this spot, being regarded as the most remote in the habitable world, offered the fewest



NAPOLEON'S HOUSE—ST. HELENA.

their cost how dangerous it is to get in her path, have paced the little island as prisoners. At present General Cronje, the brave Boer warrior whom Lord Roberts shelled and pounded into surrender in South Africa a few days ago, is on the way thither to take up his abode, perhaps for the remainder of his

chances of escape. It is little more than a volcanic rock, though in area it is ten miles long and eight wide. The principal crop is potatoes, the live stock consists mainly of goats. The nearest land is the island of Ascension, seven hundred miles to the north-west. England is four thousand miles dis-



CAPETOWN, SOUTH AFRICA.

tant to the north, and Capetown in South Africa two thousand miles away to the south-east. Altogether it contains about four thousand inhabitants, and most of these are of negro blood; its total wealth is about a million dollars.

The house which Napoleon occupied, and in which he died in 1821, is represented in the picture on the first page. It has undergone little change in these last eighty years. For a long time it has been kept vacant out of respect to the French nation whose great representative once dwelt in it. In fact, in a moment of friendship and generosity it was given over to the French government, and a French official was placed in charge. It is kept in perfect repair, and some of its hangings and furniture are the same as the caged Emperor gazed upon.

It is not probable therefore that the Dutch prisoners will have these quarters. The spot selected for them is about a mile distant, and is described as picturesque and restful in its surroundings. The latest occupant of prominence was a native chieftain of South Africa, who lived there in much contentment until it suited the British ministry to send him back to his Zulu home.

The change from the splendor and luxury of the French court to the loneliness of St. Helena must have been almost more terrible than death to the contemplation of the ambitious and all-conquering Bonaparte. From

the simplicity and hardships of a South African farm the change to the idleness and serenity of this place of exile will not prove so trying. In other respects also there will be a difference. To keep watch and ward over Napoleon, a whole regiment of soldiers was stationed near his house. Every goat path was guarded by an armed sentry. If the prisoner walked out, a red-coat was near by. If he chose to take a ride on horseback, a British officer insisted on riding alongside. Even the surrounding waters were patrolled by warships. With the Boer prisoners it is unlikely that any such precautions will be taken. They will probably be let alone, and will doubtless accept their fate with their characteristic phlegm and stolidity, having only the sense of defeat and the change of domicile to disturb their reflections.

An old picture of Capetown, the headquarters of the British South African colonies, and the point from which the Boer prisoners are being deported, is herewith presented. The city has changed considerably in recent years, but the view gives a good idea of the surroundings, with the noble and notable Table Mountain in the background—a promontory which was more familiar to mariners in years gone by, when «doubling the cape» was a part of most sailors' experiences, than it is in these days of steam, electricity and the Suez canal.



MARCUS KING, MORMON.

III.

THUS it came about that Marcus King got rid of his titles of learning and supposed divinity and became plain Marcus King, Mormon; and to tell the truth he was heartily glad to cast off the burden he had been carrying these many months.

He felt as might the fabled Atlas, when he rolled the world from his own shoulders on to those of Hercules. He was now at least in his true position before God and the world, and even if he stood alone, as he had every reason to believe, still it was infinitely

better than to continue to play the hypocrite. He might have kept his position, continued to «teach for doctrine the commandments of men» and kept the good-will and respect of his friends, even though he did not believe in what he preached; but that he could not do. Others might have done it, many do it, but he could not.

Neither Alice nor his mother had been at church to hear his last sermon. His action had been a terrible blow to both of them. All the night following, his mother had paced her room, and the efforts of Marcus to pacify her acted only as fuel to the flame of anger and mortification. Early next morning she came into the library where Marcus had spent the night. She was partially composed, but it was with great effort that she spoke.

«I thought that I had a son that would be an honor to his dead father,» she began; «but I now understand different. Why have you brought ignominy on your parents, both the living and the dead?»

«Mother, as I have said before, I have done nothing shameful—it is no disgrace to do one's duty as God gives one the light. I know father, and I think that he would have done the same.»

«And what will you do now?»

«I don't know, mother.»

«I suppose you will go to Utah?»

«Most likely, though that is not definite.»

«And how are you going?»

«Well, mother, if I go, it will have to be like the rest of the emigrants, across the Plains in a wagon or cart.»

«Yes; that's it. If you are not killed by Indians, or the hardships of the journey, you will have to live a life of degradation among the Mormons. And here I shall be alone. O, Marcus, don't go! You will kill me, you will kill me!»

She broke down and sobbed, and he paced back and forth by her.

«Mother, do not try to persuade me to turn back now. I cannot do it; and I can

tell you that some day you will see the need of this step. You may not see it now; but then you will bless me for it.»

To this scene was added many like it between mother and son, until both saw that no good came from them.

Monday the wonderful scene in the church of the Rev. Marcus King was the talk of the whole town. It was so unexpected, so new, and so awful that a minister of the Gospel should from the pulpit say such things against the church, and then come out in favor of Mormonism! Nothing in the town's history had ever made such a stir. Groups of men stood on the street corners and talked about it. The women went to their neighbors to tell and hear. The clerk forgot his customer in his eagerness to listen to the story. The carpenter sat on his bench, the blacksmith's fire went out, the baker's bread was burned, the seamstress' needle was stuck in the dress: Hungerton was all agog.

Marcus did not venture out that day, but towards evening he walked down to the river, and followed a street leading down the stream.

The few people who recognized him in the twilight, stared at him blankly. On the outskirts of the town Marcus met Elder James, and together they walked along the country road. They had much to talk about.

«I congratulate you, Mr. King,» said the Elder. «I heard your sermon yesterday.»

«What! were you there?»

«Yes; I sat in the farther corner most of the time and then got away without much notice.»

«I think you had better remain quiet for a time. The people are terribly worked up, and they lay the blame on you, you know.»

«I think I shall leave town tomorrow, for a few days, at least. We have a meeting this evening, a private one, just a few Saints and friends whom we can trust. Will you come?»

He would like nothing better; so after walking down the road some distance they retraced their steps and entered a small

dwelling. A few had already gathered. Some were strange to Marcus, while three were members of his former congregation. They were somewhat surprised to see him, but he followed Elder James' example and pressed them all by the hand. They all chatted freely together but in a subdued tone, as word had been brought that a mob would surely break up any meeting the Mormons might hold. Marcus saw that most of those present were of the poorer working class. He could not help but contrast his own position that evening with the one he had held but yesterday.

The meeting was a very informal affair. Singing was dispensed with but there was an opening prayer. Then Elder James talked for a few moments, and he was followed by some members of the congregation, who bore their testimonies to what they had experienced. One young woman, Eliza Dixon by name, stated that she had been to the church the day before and had heard Mr. King. She had always believed what he said about the generally accepted Christian doctrine, and when he told of new revelation and the restoration of the Gospel, she was glad because that's what she had been looking for. Even that morning she had sought out a friend whom she knew was acquainted with the Mormon missionary. She had been directed to Elder James and they had had a long talk. She was ready for baptism, she said.

One or two others followed in the same strain, and the Elder asked Marcus if he desired to speak. At first he said no, but afterwards arose and expressed his pleasure in the meeting. It reminded him, he said, of what he had read of the primitive Christians when they met in secret places for fear of their persecutors. He had found the truth, and he thanked God for it. If his words yesterday had caused one soul to come to the same knowledge, he had been amply repaid for the effort.

After the meeting a little band of men and women, with bundles of clothes in their hands,

went silently down to the river. There in the shadow of the trees, Elder James took them, one at a time, down in the water and baptized them.

A few days after Marcus was visited by a delegation of ministers. They came to labor with him and show him the error of his ways; kindly at first, but when he met their arguments boldly, they changed their manner to one of ridicule. They rehearsed to him the usual tales about Joseph Smith and the atrocious Mormons, at all of which Marcus only smiled. The conference ended in nothing.

Weeks passed. Marcus learned that Alice Merton had gone to visit friends in another state, to be absent all summer, so he heard no more of her. He came to no better understanding with his mother, and she had now no great objection to his leaving. Marcus and Elder James often counseled together. They both saw that it was useless for Marcus to stay where he was any longer. His influence was gone. He was now an outcast so far as Hungerton society was concerned. Marcus also got the spirit of gathering. He knew that his future lay with the Latter-day Saints. From one standpoint his upward career in the world had suddenly ceased, and he had been precipitated to the bottom. He must begin life anew, and begin again at the bottom. The sooner he began the better; so it was good-bye to Hungerton, and all its familiar scenes. There was an attraction westward, to the new Zion arising from out the great American desert, and Marcus made all preparation for the journey.

On the train which bore him westward Marcus met an old college acquaintance, who was going on a vacation trip to his old home in Missouri before he settled down to his work.

"You see," explained his friend, "I had a pretty fair position where I have been, but there wasn't enough salary in it. A person can't live on fifteen hundred a year and keep up appearances, you know. So I got a call from an adjoining church with a salary of

two thousand dollars, and of course I accepted. I'm going to arrange for my house and you must come and see me when I get settled."

"I fear I shall not be able—you haven't heard—no; of course you haven't; but I'm no minister now; I've given it up. I have resigned."

"Why, what's the matter, Mark?"

"Well, you know we used to have great times discussing theology at school. You also know that we didn't believe half that was taught us. Still you and I and hundreds of others said nothing about our honest opinions, but sold our consciences for a salary. Some got a thousand, some fifteen hundred and some more. I've quit it."

His friend looked surprised, and hardly knew what to say.

"You're startled of course, and shocked; but I'm not sorry; what I have lost in worldly things I have gained in heavenly. You don't understand that, of course not." Whereupon Marcus told him the whole history of the past three months.

His reverend friend leaned back in the car seat and said nothing. He seemed shocked beyond utterance. Marcus went on explaining to him the principles of Mormonism, and he was not interrupted. Only once did he say quietly:

"Friend Marcus, all that which you have been saying about the (principles of the Gospel) is all right enough in its place, but you know that we have placed too much emphasis on creeds and dogmas. A true and living faith in Christ, a love of Christ, is after all the only essential. You surely could have taught that and kept your position?"

"Yes, I know that theologians are drifting into the belief that articles of faith, creeds and doctrinal principles have nothing to do with Christ and the church; but I differ. Creeds are necessary, foundation principles are necessary. Christ taught them—principles are the forerunners of practice. The

trouble is that when creeds and doctrines are wrong it is manifest by the fruits they bear. Teach people correct principles and their lives will be all right, said Joseph Smith; and the doctrine is sound."

"And so you're going to Utah?" asked his friend after a pause.

"I'm going to try."

"Well, Marcus, I can only hope that you'll get out of this alive. I don't know much about the Mormons, but father does. He helped to rid Missouri of them. My dear friend, I pity you."

"Spare your tears, old boy. You may need them in your next sermon, especially if you speak of the damnation of the heathen, or the final state of the unregenerated."

That ended the talk. Marcus soon changed cars and his friend went on his own way.

Marcus' first destination was away out on the prairies of the west, where he would meet Elder James and prepare for the trip across the Plains to Salt Lake City.

It was the latter part of July when he reached Iowa City which was then the western terminus of the railroad and fitting-out point. Of all the strange scenes which he had witnessed thus far, that at Iowa City was the most interesting and wonderful. Here for the first time he met a large number of his co-religionists. At first he experienced a shock to his feelings at sight of their personal appearance, but when he understood that they had traveled long distances, from various quarters of the earth, his good sense told him that they could not have the appearance of stay-at-home Christians in the town of Hungerton, for instance. When he arrived, there were at least six hundred Mormons, most of whom were from Great Britain, and expected to get to the Great Salt Lake Valley that fall. How were they to do it? They seemed to be extremely poor. There were very few horses, mules, or even oxen, and less wagons.

As they took a walk out among the camp, Elder James said: "Here you see an answer

to your question. See what these men are busy with! These two-wheeled carts are to carry their clothing and provisions."

"And who are to pull the carts?" asked Marcus.

"They, themselves, the men, perhaps the women."

"How far is it to the Valley?"

"Thirteen hundred miles."

"And I understand there are burning deserts and rough mountains to cross?"

"O, yes, more than one."

"And they will have to walk every step of the way?"

"Yes; most of them. Hundreds have done it, and no doubt these will also do it. You see, they must get to the Valley. They can't stay here. This company will start in a few days. It will be rather late, but they will be able to make it, if they have moderate luck."

"But, Brother James, I can't see how they can do it. It will be awful—the women and children!"

"You've read of the Pilgrims and the Mayflower?"

"Yes; but great heavens, that was nothing to compare with this!"

Marcus was soon made acquainted with the leaders, of the people, whom he found to be intelligent men of Elder James' type. By their advice, he bought a yoke of oxen, a wagon, provisions, and other necessary articles. Elder James helped him. He gave the young man some practical lessons in yoking and controlling his oxen. It was all extremely new and strange, but Marcus went to work in earnest, and soon mastered the art of swinging his buckskin whip with a "gee" or a "haw." Elder James was not going west; but he arranged with a family to do the cooking for Marcus, that he might be freed from that responsibility.

A few days after his arrival at Iowa City, the hand-cart company was ready to be off. That morning there was a scene, a scene in which mingled the ludicrous and pitiable.

The six hundred men, women and children were on the move westward. Each family, or group of four or five, had a cart in which were loaded their provisions and clothing. The carts were simple affairs: two wheels, with light frames over the axles and short shafts. At the end of the shafts were cross-bars which projected out on each side. Here the "human horses" attached themselves and started off. There were a few wagons along, drawn by oxen. These carried provisions and some of the heavy baggage.

Marcus went up to a cart that had stopped. They were adjusting the load and there was some discussion as to the best position of the pullers. This cart was owned by a poor English family, and was not a very substantial one. The axles were of wood and the boxes of leather. The father got in the shafts, to be the main propelling power, his wife took her place by his side, and grasped the cross-bar, and a fifteen year old son went on the other side. A grown daughter had arranged a kind of harness of leather straps which she fastened over her shoulders, and to the end of the shafts. Thus away they went, while a little three year old boy sat on top of the load, shouting in great glee.

Marcus walked with them some distance. The whole scene had a strangeness about it. Everybody seemed happy enough. They laughed, and shouted to each other, and made their jokes at each other's expense; but Marcus could not help thinking of the thirteen hundred miles before them.

"Come, brother, where's your cart?" some one greeted Marcus; and he turned to see the broad smile of an English girl, who was pulling very little on a cart. Two young fellows were doing the work. "Hi'm the driver, ye know," she laughed. "What do you think of my 'osses?"

"They'll do," replied Marcus, "I think they'll take you through."

But all did not take the matter so pleasantly. A number were discontented and grumbled. Others said they would not be

able to make it, and Marcus looked into their sad eyes and believed them. It seemed worse for the older people and the children. Some of the latter soon got tired and cried, and then the father, or perchance the older brother, would lift the child up on his shoulders and carry the extra weight as he pulled his load.

And all of these had left their native lands for this! Most of them had been tossed about for long weeks on the ocean, to get this! Many had left comfortable homes to travel footsore and weary across these plains!

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Yes, there would be no more rest for many of them until they laid their weary bodies down under the sod of the prairie! And it had all been done for the love of the Gospel, for the love of the light which had made him also an outcast from home and a wanderer among strange peoples and lands.

Marcus turned and went back. When he looked around again, the train was hidden by a rise in the road, and only the thin cloud of dust which arose above it showed their westward path.

Nephi Anderson.



HISTORY OF THE NATIONS.

II. DENMARK.—(Concluded.)

BUT to return to the farming pursuits. There are many very small farms in Denmark, also many very large farms; they are nearly all dairy farms; and they insure a comfortable income to the farmer. The wheat grown in Denmark is of a very superior quality, so much so that a large portion of it is exported to other countries, inferior wheat being imported for home consumption. But where formerly the poverty-stricken husbandman could not afford to feed his cattle, because he had to raise grain to pay his taxes, rent, etc., he now raises everything for his cattle and they produce everything else. He feeds them oil-cake, mangel wurtzel, chopped barley, oats, clover, etc. The whole system works like clock-work: the cows are milked at the same time to the minute, fed and watered at stated times, and centrifugal machines called separators are used on all farms.

The Danish dairy products are of high excellence, as the surrounding country can

amply testify to. England especially uses a great deal of Danish butter, more than \$30,000,000 worth annually, and it commands the highest price. On the skim milk they raise hogs, and the Danish pork, which is of finest quality, is exported extensively.

It is a great treat to visit these dairy farms. From the stable to the packing room the air fairly bristles with neatness. The stables are real wonders of cleanly, well-ventilated habitations on these farms; and in fact all Danish farmers take good care of their animals. It is a great pity, I often think, that the Danish people here so easily fall into the slovenly way of the Americans in treating their animals; they are certainly not used to such habits from their own country. Whether the owner of a cow has a house or not, he will see to it that his cow has one, and a good warm one at that.

The husbandman in Denmark is considerably slower of thought and action than his American brother; but he is vastly more



A VILLAGE STORE IN DENMARK.

methodical and careful of what he has. ' In America a fortune may be lost or won in a day; not so in Denmark. There the great question is how to take care of your inheritance. The Americans flip their fingers at trifles and say: «Nothing ventured, nothing won.» But the maxim of the Danish farmer is rather, «Nothing ventured, nothing lost.» However, American inventions are now being used all over in Denmark with splendid results.

The well-to-do peasant is a very important person, at least in his own estimation. He is hard-working, industrious and economical to a fault; sceptical as to new methods, and somewhat indifferent as to religion. He is exceedingly proud of his farm and his horses, in which he takes special delight; is fairly well educated, because education is compulsory, and is on the whole thoroughly satisfied with himself; takes great interest in

politics and favors ultra democratic principles.

The poor peasant, the one that works for twenty-five to fifty cents a day in the winter, is altogether a different person; somewhat diffident and slow of thought; a hard working, untiring struggler to keep soul and body together for himself and family. He generally manages to keep a cow, a pig and a few chickens and perchance a duck or two. He is content with very little of anything, and is generally too over-worked to take much interest in politics, or anything else for that matter. He has some inclination for intoxicating drinks, and likes to celebrate every event, even to the trading of a pig, with a glass of gin. However, of late years, intemperance has been on the decline, as temperance unions are gaining great strength. The young peasants hire out to the more wealthy where they are kept going at a lively trot

from day-break till bed time. In the winter the girls sit down to the spinning-wheel after supper, to spend the evening. There are no half holidays, except every other Sunday afternoon, when the boys congregate in the inns to drink and play at cards; and the girls spend the afternoon in looking after the neglected state of their scanty wardrobe. During the winter they have some dances that begin at nightfall and last till morning. Then they dance, eat, and drink; it frequently happening that the affair winds up in a row; yet I dare say they manage to get their share of fun out of it.

They are great dancers, in the summer in the forest, in winter at the farm houses. In the fall, when the season's harvest is gathered, they have what they call a «harvest feast,» and on the larger farms this is quite an affair. The owner stands the entire expense. The tables are loaded with good things to eat and drink, and afterwards the huge punch bowl is kept constantly filled,

and everybody's health is drank, the owner's, his wife's, children's, anybody that will form the slightest excuse for a toast. A village fiddler or two is there, and it won't do for anybody to feel «high-toned» that evening; the little miss must step the light fantastic with the cow-boy, and waltzes, polkas, galops, six-tours, and Tyroler-waltzes are kept up till sunrise. The picture is a pretty good illustration of such an affair.

These few customs that I have noted are general for all Denmark. Then, of course, the habits of each island differ in many things. For instance, the national costume of each island is different from any other. But these national costumes are almost entirely out of date now, and the peasants dress like the town people as far as they are able.

The moral status of these young peasants I have just been describing, is, I am grieved to say, not a very high one. Their habits are somewhat loose, and much misery is often



HARVEST FEAST IN DENMARK.

the result. Yet they are no worse than in other European countries.

To visit another branch of Denmark's resources we must take a flying trip to the west coast of Jutland, where the people live mostly on what the ocean brings them. They are a thrifty, fearless set of people; indifferent to danger to a marked degree, cleanly and sober, quite well informed, (at least the male portion of the inhabitants;) jovial and content.

How I would like to picture to you a small straw-thatched dwelling, a typical home of these people, where the few articles of furniture are bright and shining; where the flowers in the one window lend cosiness to the almost Dutch-like appearance of the room. The unpainted floor gleams under the white sea-sand with which it is strewn fresh every morning; the cat purrs lazily in the chimney corner; the coffee urn sings lustily over the embers, and the thrifty housewife rocks the cradle while she mends fishing nets or darns her husband's socks.

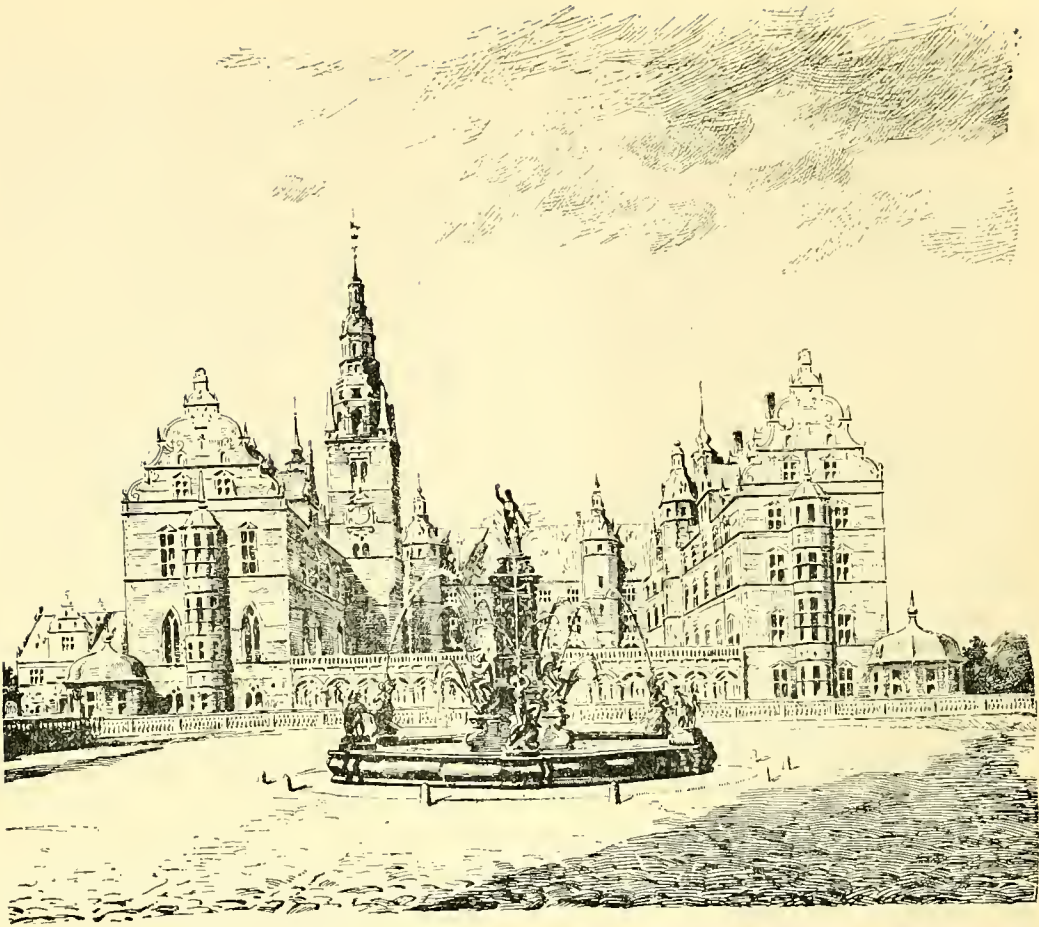
Off and on she glances out over the wide expanse of sea as it shimmers in all its alluring beauty in the sunshine. She knows the sea in all its changeable features; when it smiles or frowns, when it threatens, and when in awful, fearful rage it lashes the cliffs with foaming, frothing waves, and dashes the boats on the treacherous reefs. She is born and raised by the sea; it is the cradle of her boy and often the grave of her husband. She is fearless and resigned, and without murmuring takes up the struggle for her fatherless little ones when the cruel sea has robbed them of their protector. These fisher-people, different to the peasants, are generally pious, God-fearing souls.

But time hastens on, and though I would love to linger yet awhile in Jutland to visit some of its principal towns and tell you of its interesting places, I am reminded that I have only introduced you to the peasants and the fishers, and we must therefore hurry across the Kattegat to the capital.

So one fine, sunny day we sail up the sound, with the Swedish coast over to the left, and Sjælland, skirted with beech-wood in all its summer beauty, before us; hundreds of vessels, like so many swans, rocking on the deep blue water, so clear that you can see the white sand-covered bottom.

Fairly landed, we are besieged by cabmen, omnibus-drivers, messengers, and dray-men, to listen to their fairy tales of cheap rates, quick transportation, and that incomparable comfort will be ours, while they have the pleasure of conveying us to Paradise, at least so it would seem to us it must be if half their tales be true. And while we consign ourselves to the most tenacious cabman, who clings to us like a burr, we roll, a few minutes later, over stone and asphaltum paved thoroughfares, and if you are a stranger you gaze with admiration at the cleanly, well-kept streets, where hardly a straw or a scrap of paper is to be seen; where policemen by the score wander leisurely about, never allowing the smallest trifle to escape their watchful eye; where neatness and order reign supreme, and the winding streets turn you so completely about that you find it difficult to locate north and south—for it is only the new quarters of Copenhagen that are laid out in squares, American fashion.

Copenhagen has 400,000 inhabitants. The most picturesque buildings belong to the age of Christian IV. Frederiksborg palace is one of the handsomest buildings in the world. The interior is exceedingly costly. Ridder-salen (the knight's hall) is hung with some of the greatest masterpieces in painting and the walls are inlaid with black marble and solid silver. Rosenburg palace is very beautiful, and the Copenhagen which is now being built has more variety in architecture than formerly. The parks and public gardens are lovely and numerous. There are some very handsome churches and cathedrals scattered through the country, but the country towns are monotonously built; if you have seen one Danish farm-



FREDERIKSBORG CASTLE, DENMARK.

house you have seen them all. They are built in a square with four wings, three of which comprise the outhouses, the fourth, which fronts the road, is the dwelling house and of course more elaborate.

The Copenhageners are a jolly set, in fact their gayety is something amazing. Whether the sun goes up or down, the Copenhageners will enjoy themselves. Their careless disposition nearly amounts to recklessness, especially among the lower and middle classes. They work and sweat for comparatively low wages all week till Sunday, their grand recreation day, when all is spent save the necessary pennies for house-rent and a scanty living for the coming week, and very often the Sunday clothes are pawned to pay for that.

They all have one fault in common: their desire to gamble in the lotteries, of which there are several, even one owned by the state and from which the government has a yearly revenue of some \$300,000. Many hundreds of people who are barely able to live play in the lotteries year in and year out without ever getting anything in return for their money, yet not daring to give up for fear that their number might come out the next time with the \$30,000 prize. The Copenhageners for the most part live from hand to mouth, spending their wages as they go along. They are very fond of dress and great hands to keep up appearances at all hazards.

The Danish government is a very careful and methodical institution. It maintains,

among other things, a reserve fund for the purpose of placing means in the hands of the authorities in case of war or other emergencies.

The royal appanage is a little over \$300,000 annually, of which sum the king draws \$270,000. The little country pays well for its royal splendor, and one would imagine that even a royal family could live quite comfortably on that snug sum; feed and clothe all the royal members and even lay by a bit for the wedding outfit of its daughters.

But when, as happens quite often in the present king's family, one of the princesses takes it into her royal head to get married, the government or the people are invited to defray the expense of her trousseau. Lately, when Prince Christian, eldest son of the crown prince, got married, the people built him a beautiful summer residence in Jutland; and yet his mother is the wealthiest woman, or at least one of the wealthiest women, in the world. But then, Prince Christian is very popular among the Jutland people, where he has spent much of his time. He is one of the tallest men in the army and the soldiers think the world of him.

The army, by the way, consists of all able-bodied men from 22 to 38 years. They first serve as recruits and a few years later they are again compelled to serve in the reserve. In case of war all able-bodied men are compelled to muster. The strength of the Danish army is 10,000 in actual service, but in case of war 62,000 men can be raised.

Education in Denmark is compulsory since 1849, and the educational system is an exceedingly good one, unsurpassed by any European country. There are as many as 3,500 public schools, 22 agricultural colleges, 68 high schools, 31 Latin schools, 98 commercial schools, a great many colleges and the University of Copenhagen. Hence it is almost impossible to find a Dane who cannot read or write; they all have some education. At the age of 14 the poor child leaves school and is confirmed in the Lutheran church; he

is then ready to be sent out in the world and is generally apprenticed to some trade. The girls hire out, mostly as nurse-girls in the beginning. The poor people there can not think of keeping their children at home till they are 17 or 18 years. At 14 their scholastic education is over, and one would think that seven years of daily learning would start an ordinary mortal in life with a fair amount of wisdom. The schools are in session every week-day all the year except two weeks at Yule-tide and four weeks summer vacation.

Lutheranism is the state religion, and that branches out in so many isms that I doubt not Martin Luther would be highly surprised could he come and visit some of the sects into which Lutheranism is subdivided.

About Denmark's resources: It is, as I have said, first of all a corn country; but it has a good many other resources. It is, for instance, rich in clays, and on Bornholm there are quite large quarries of free stone. There are several china factories, and the manufacture of porcelain is carried on to quite an extent. The Copenhagen china is original in design and is known in all parts of the world. Terra cotta is another industry, as also are the iron foundries, and the sugar refineries and the cotton and woolen mills. The two latter, however, are mostly for local consumption; but paper and cherry brandy are exported to quite an extent.

And now I must say a few words concerning the literature of my country. Danish literature is not as well known in America as Norwegian literature, for instance—which I think a pity. An American lady once asked me if we had any other writers than H. C. Anderson and Ibsen. After having explained that Ibsen was a Norwegian, I proceeded to enlighten her as to what we could produce in the way of authors; for Denmark has a galaxy of writers both of prose and poetry. Of lyrists I will mention Ewald, Wessel, Houch, Heiberg, as most prominent of the past generation. We have our Moliere in Holberg;

our Walter Scott in Ingeman; our Wadsworth in Chr. Winter; our Schiller in Oehlenschläger; but our most popular poet and novelist of to-day is Holger Drachman, who is at present on a visit to the United States. In prose writers we have an immense host, both small and big, too numerous to mention.

In the «manly art» we are also well represented. We have our Sullivan in Bech-Olsen, a wrestler of world-wide fame. He has thrown every wrestler of note in Europe and Asia, even the imperial wrestler of the Turkish sultan. He is now in New York resting from a fight with the American champion Roeder, whom he threw a few days ago. He is now undisputed champion of the world, and the greatest satisfaction a Dane can have in this is that Roeder was a German. Revenge is sweet, you know.

In the fine arts Denmark is well represented, though it has produced neither a Rembrandt nor a Raphael. But artists such as Marstrand, Dalsgaard, Exner and Carl Block stand eminent in the ranks of painters of the present generation, and a visit to the art galleries of Charlottenborg castle is a rare treat, and will convince anyone that our painters possess great ability.

In sculpture stands out in bold relief the world-famed master, our own beloved Thorwaldsen, whose collection of works in his museum in Copenhagen stands as a grand monument to his wonderful genius.

The Danes are nearly as fond of music as their German neighbors, and the conservatory at Copenhagen enjoys great popularity.

This, then, is a short, and, I own, a very imperfect sketch of Denmark and her people. What the Danish people are, who emigrate to

Utah for the Gospel's sake, time has shown. When, in 1850, Apostle Erastus Snow and Elders John Forsgren and P. O. Hansen arrived at Copenhagen to open the Gospel door for the people there, perhaps they did not dream what a rich soil for the precious seed was awaiting them in that small country. Peter Forsgren, now a white-haired respected citizen of Brigham City, was the first member baptized in Scandinavia and Ole U. C. Mernster was the first man baptized in Denmark; but some 16,000 souls have come to Utah since that day, and helped build up the work of God here.

There are now about 1,400 souls belonging to the Church of Jesus Christ in Denmark, and some are being added every year. The constitution of Denmark guarantees religious liberty, and though every absurdity under the name of religion is tolerated with complete indifference, the Latter-day Saints have suffered a good deal of persecution in former days. Now they are left in comparative peace, with only an occasional outbreak of venom and hatred. They are of course looked down upon and despised. If it were not for that, a great many more honest people would embrace the truth, but fear of losing their good name keeps them from investigating in earnest.

I should perhaps have said something about the sturdy people who belong neither to the gay Copenhageners nor to the country people, and of whom the greater part of Denmark's population is made up, who are found among all classes of the people from the nobles to the poor peasants; but space will not allow me to write any more.

Sophy Valentine.

SUNDAY SCHOOL DISCIPLINE.

VII.—CLASSES.

THE size of a class has much to do with the attention and interest which the work of a teacher begets in the minds of the students. Where the work consists mainly of concert methods, as in the kindergarten and primary, large classes can be handled to greater advantage than among students of the intermediate grade. Indeed large theological classes are not so objectionable because each one in the department feels and manifests himself more and more interested in the instructions given. The case, however, is very different among students of the intermediate grade. Here small classes are very desirable. Among boys and girls between the ages of twelve and eighteen it is not often that the best attention can be secured. They are frequently restless and easily distracted by any confusion that may arise, and above all they are extremely sensitive to what they feel their fellow-students may be thinking about them. It is not an age that appeals strongly to the moral convictions which do not run high in the development of man at that period. Such students, figuratively speaking, are easily stampeded; they bear restraint with great difficulty, and for that reason it is unusually hard to create a spirit of unity of thoughts and feelings. Wherever it is possible, therefore, to make the classes in the intermediate grades small it should be done. To do this the Sunday School needs more successful teachers. The instructions among such students can be best carried out where each class does not number more than ten. This gives the teacher an opportunity to force his personality upon the consideration and attention of the boys and girls. He can more easily bring them into that confidential relation which should exist between teacher and student. The boys will further realize that they are receiving individual attention.

At that age the teacher must feel more perfectly than at any other time that he is teaching the boy more than he is teaching the subject. Besides, it is an age when boys want to be known; an age when their personal qualities develop most rapidly. Furthermore it is an age perhaps of the strongest sentimentality; when the sympathies are brought into play and the boys are made to feel that they have an individual as well as a collective importance in the world.

I have seen few classes especially among boys between the ages of twelve and eighteen where there were twenty or more students in which satisfactory work was accomplished. A moment's observation in such classes will clearly show a fickleness at that age which is not found at any other time in man's life. Such students lack all power of concentration and earnestness. Where classes of such boys number thirty or forty they not only derive little good from the work, but are a confusion to the school generally. They are bubbling over with vivacity; have keen sense for all pleasures; are quick to see the ridiculous phase of almost every incident, and become a source of discord not only to the class but to the school. They nudge one another, they giggle and laugh in and out of season and display but little reverence for the subject and the occasion. Of course all teaching is important when it goes to the boy's individuality and awakens sympathy and interest which attach to a close personal relationship. But this is more perfectly true among students of the intermediate grade. On the other hand, I have witnessed the most perfect interest among boys of that age where they have been in small classes, numbering not more than six or ten. They have been quick to respond to the teacher's interest in their welfare, and have manifested great attention. Among that grade of students two or three

teachers to a large class is not so good a distribution of teaching force as a single teacher to a smaller number in a class. Again, it is doubtful whether four classes numbering forty students will make such confusion even when in close proximity as one class of that number. There may, perhaps, be a little more noise but that will be overcome gradually by the interest which makes the boys wholly indifferent to confusion which would otherwise detract or even distract them.

As I have observed before it is very difficult to secure the attention of the boys in Sunday School between the ages of twelve and eighteen. It will be noticed almost everywhere that the intermediate classes are abnormally small. This would be in a large measure obviated could the boys feel that

their absence in the class would be noticed and perhaps remarked upon. I believe as a rule it would be better were smaller classes organized in the intermediate grade and have them separate even though they must be near the theological or primary grades, than to have them grouped together. If a number of small classes are thus grouped closely together the very difficulty which is the purpose of this division to overcome will be in some measure retained.

It would seem today that one of the greatest obstacles in the discipline of the Sabbath School is to be found in the intermediate grade, and after giving the subject some attention, from numerous observations I have concluded that the disadvantages arise from large classes.

J. M. Tanner.



A TRIP THROUGH ALASKA.

VI.—ST. MICHAELS TO CAPE NOME—THENCE TO SEATTLE.—CONCLUSION.

ABOUT one hundred and twenty miles of sea voyage to the north brings us to the Cape Nome district. This voyage is sometimes pleasant, but often very rough. The swells of Behring sea are short and they break quicker than the swells of the Pacific owing to the difference in the size of these two oceans, and this makes a wild sea for small vessels to travel in. At Anvil City (which is the foremost city of the Nome district) there was no wharf or bay in which to go for shelter, or to unload cargoes, but all had to be done by lighter or barge, and during a storm nothing could be done. Ships cannot get nearer than one mile to the shore, owing to the shallow water, and there is danger of drifting on the beach. No less than fifteen steamboats and schooners were driven on the beach at Cape Nome

in 1899, and many of these can never be used again.

Anvil City is situated at the mouth of Snake river, on both sides, and bordering on the sea beach. It has grown from a small city of tents, in a few months, to a city of frame and log houses of no mean proportions. The government has established barracks and a hospital, and trading companies are vying with each other in the size and convenience of their warehouses. It can truly be said that magical is the growth of a mining town.

The water here is of a reddish cast, caused by its seeping through the moss, and it is not healthy to drink. Typhoid fever is a scourge of that land. As high as one hundred cases were in the hospital at one time in 1899.

Seven miles back from the town to the east is the range of hills in which is found the placer gold. On the creeks many very valuable finds have been made. Chief among them is Anvil creek. The name is derived from a large rock that crowns the hill on the east, and which the wind and weather have worn and shaped to the striking resemblance of a blacksmith's anvil. It can be seen for many miles in either direction. On all the creeks gold has been found, but it is yet to be determined whether the values are sufficient to justify working. However, owing to the shortness of the season, years will be required to demonstrate the true value of the new finds. The severity of the climate and the disadvantages under which the miner must labor will discourage many who go thither to seek their fortune.

The streams about Anvil City and vicinity run west, emptying into the ocean, and they bear values their entire length. In this way they have deposited the golden particles on the beach, where the ebbing and flowing of the tide has done much of the work for the miner, by panning the sands down until they are quite valuable in some places. No less than one million dollars in gold dust was taken from the sands of this shore in 1899 by the two thousand men that worked them. Many thousands of men will no doubt be tempted to this district, and the beach will be worked as long as common wages can be obtained.

All kinds of vessels are pressed into service for passenger travel in the fall of the year. In 1899 snow began to fall September 25th, and every available boat was put to use. Not a few of them were unseaworthy and wholly unfit for passenger traffic.

On the 26th of September I took passage for Seattle on the three-masted schooner *Hero*. This boat had discharged a cargo of lumber at Anvil City and St. Michaels, and was chartered for passenger duty on the home run. About two hundred men bought tickets, and the first hold was converted into

a bunk house and dining room. It was indeed an uninviting place, but necessity compelled us to put up with our surroundings as patiently as possible.

Two days out on Behring sea we encountered a severe storm and our boat lay with reefed sails, drifting about at the mercy of the gale which continued for two days.

During this storm, at 12 o'clock at night, a most exciting scene presented itself to us in the display of phosphorescent light on the raging sea. While the water was lashed into a foam, this light appeared on all sides, like lighted ships coming from all directions. It was a spectacle which once seen would never be forgotten.

We were soon informed that food and water were scarce on board, and that we should be put on limited rations. This excited not a little comment, and with the poor quality of that which we did have, it made some of the passengers desperate, and there were even threats about taking the ship and running it upon the beach on some one of the Aleutian islands.

Our course lay about seven hundred miles south-west to Dutch harbor, and in the course of six days we passed this place, and on through the Unimack pass into the Pacific.

Things on board now became quite serious, and to some most dangerous, for bad and insufficient food had made many sick and discouraged. One man died and was rolled in his blankets; he was placed in a coffin made from the materials in his bunk, and lashed to a spar on the forward deck where he lay for forty-eight hours, when he was buried at sea in a terrific storm. Another lost his reason and was placed under care of two men to prevent him from jumping overboard. Others were so completely discouraged that they lost all hope of ever reaching land.

Finally the storm abated, and we encountered a calm. I should say of the two, the calm is worse than the storm in a sail boat, which is completely at the mercy of the sea, rolling about but making no headway.

Discontent continued to smoulder and at times burst out in threats to shoot the captain and throw him overboard. But all this was quietly «sat down upon» by the conservative element on board. Another man died, and the cry went up that he had died of typhoid fever or cholera. This almost created a stampede, but things were finally quieted down.

For sixteen days we beat about with head winds and calms and starvation threatening us. But for rain-water caught from the sails, we should have suffered from thirst. One hundred and forty miles off Cape Flattery we were sighted by the steam schooner *Hackma*, which reported us at the lighthouse. The news of our condition was wired to Seattle and the revenue cutter *Grant* and the tug *Sea Lion* were at once dispatched to our aid. At 10 a. m. the following day they reached us with provisions and orders to tow us into port. Assistance came none too soon,

for many poor fellows were ready to die of despair and were weak from want of food.

It was a wonderful change that came over that crowd of downhearted and discouraged men when the revenue cutter hove in sight. Their faces lit up from the gloom of despondency like the sudden display of the electric current in the dark room. One man fell from exhaustion and weakness; he was cared for at once, and the tug took us in tow. We were soon past Cape Flattery and in the Puget Sound, speeding on our way to Seattle, passing again the beautiful scenery of the Sound on either side. Victoria, on our left hand, is passed in the night. It is lit up with electricity and presents a most brilliant sight. It was a desirable change to once more ride on the placid water, after a turbulent ocean voyage. We are soon landed in Seattle, and will now part, having traveled together a distance of seven thousand miles.

O. S.



THE LITTLE MISSIONARY'S TITHING.

«MA,» said little Mary Argyle, one day, several months after their return from the Sandwich Islands, «Papa said he would give me twenty-five cents if I would mend his trousers. I have done it and here is the money?»

«Why, I can mend them; Papa doesn't need to get you to do it.»

«Well, I guess he would rather have me; he asked me, anyway.»

«Oh, well, that's all right. I am glad to have you learn how, my daughter.»

But the mother had another object in view, and without any special emphasis she asked:

«What are you going to do with your

twenty-five cents, Mary, now you have got it?»

«Oh, I don't know. Maybe I'll get me some ribbon and candy; maybe I'll get a slate. Maybe I'll put it away till Christmas to buy some presents with.»

«What about your tithing?»

«Tithing? How could there be any tithing on such a little money? Only twenty-five cents!»

«How much is one tenth of twenty-five?»

Now, although Mary had attended school very little indeed, yet she was very quick at figures, and in a few moments she answered:

«Two and a half.»

«Exactly. So you owe two cents and a half to the tithing office.»

«Well now, see here, Mama,» for Mary was very fond of an argument and she prefaced nearly all her actions with long arguments pro and con: «Well now, see here: I don't know how to get two cents, and there are no half cents, and so I can't, don't you see?»

Mama and Mary were washing dishes, and the mother did not answer for a moment till the clatter of dishes had somewhat subsided.

«Mary,» she asked, after a pause, «do you remember that story I told you about Sister Lydia Knight in the Faith-Promoting Series? How she and her children decided to pay the first pound of butter instead of waiting till they had ten and then paying the tenth? And don't you remember they paid tithing on forty pounds of butter that winter?»

Mary was very sober and quiet for a few moments, and then she asked:

«Do you think, Mama, that I ought to pay all my twenty-five cents into the tithing office, and then wait to get some more?»

«Let us take time to think it over, Mary. Mama don't quite know herself what is the best thing to do about the matter. But I am going over to the tithing office this afternoon with the butter, and you can go with me and we will then see what to do.»

Mary's restless little spirit could not permit her to wait till the afternoon for a solution of this new problem, so as soon as the dishes were washed, she asked:

«Mama, did you pay tithing when you were a little girl?»

That was a poser! Puzzled for a moment, the mother depended upon inspiration to guide her and she answered frankly and cheerfully:

«No, Mary, I was not taught to do so. Your grandfather lived in a large house, you know, and there was a very large family indeed of us. We all ate at the same table, and only one of Grandpa's wives attended to the kitchen work. Grandpa was a great man and a busy man; but he paid every cent of his

tithing. He used to have his hired men pay the tithing in bulk from what he had raised on farm and field. So we children, and also our mothers, knew little of the law of tithing. But when your grandfather was an old man and just a little while before his death, he told Aunt Zenana that he had made one serious mistake in his life; if he had his life to live over again, he would so arrange his affairs that every wife and child of his should pay tithing, if it was only so that children could be taught the law and trained to keep it.»

«Well, Mama, who told you about paying tithing after you grew up?»

«I am almost ashamed to tell you that Mama never thought anything about it, until she heard our dear Exile on the Sandwich Islands tell how he trained his children to pay tithing on everything they had, no matter how small or insignificant. He told us how his mother, doing her own farm work with the aid of her half-grown boys, used to pick out the very best of everything to send to the tithing office. When Widow Hale's load of potatoes came into the tithing office, everybody wanted them because they were so extra fine and good.»

«And did the Exile's children pay tithing on even a quart of gooseberries? How could they do it?»

«No doubt they paid the whole quart, and trusted to the Lord to send them much more the next year.»

«And must we pay tithing on everything just the same—fruit and potatoes and everything like that?»

«That depends, dear. The Lord told the ancient Israelites, in speaking of this law, that they could sell their produce, if they lived far from the towns, and send the tithing up in cash or money.»

«What are you two gossiping about?» asked Papa Argyle, who came in at that moment.

«We are talking about tithing,» answered Mrs. Argyle. «And Mary was asking about paying tithing in kind. I tell her that we can

exchange if we are sure to pay cash or something a little better than the thing itself."

"How some people do try to cheat the Lord, Jane! You know Black, the lawyer. Well, his income is at least three thousand dollars a year; and it's always in cash, too, no matter what his clients do to get it, they must pay him cash. Well, what does he do, but at tithing time, he goes around and buys up tithing scrip at a discount of twenty cents on the dollar, and then pours in three hundred dollars in scrip into the tithing office and calls that an honest tithing!"

"Look at Elder Holden, too! He has a splendid farm; and if potatoes are a drug on the market, he pays all his tithing in potatoes. If potatoes are scarce and he can get a good price for them, he pays all his tithing in hay. I can't see how men can call such things honest or right. I'd pay tithing right, or not at all."

"Perhaps that's no worse, though, than you women-folks, Jane. Have you never heard of sisters who pay their butter tithing in May and June when butter is ten and fifteen cents a pound, while in December and January, when butter is twenty-five and thirty cents a pound, they sell it to buy tea with? I have seen Sister James go all over town to sell berries or plums when they are first ripe and therefore the largest and choicest, and then she sells every pound; but when they get so plentiful that no one will have them, and especially if the fruit is half spoiled and fit for no one's use, she carries it to the tithing office and dumps it in on the poor clerk, and goes home thinking she has done the Lord an extra good turn, and that her shirts are clear on the tithing question."

"Ah, Thomas, if we are the very best people on earth, we are a very weak, sinful lot. It's a good thing the Lord has a deal of patience, or else we all should have been cut off long ago. However, Mary and I are going to the tithing office this afternoon, and Mary wants to pay tithing on the money you paid her. She is now a baptized member of

the Church, and she wants to attend to her duties."

"We hardly know how to do, Papa," she continued. "Two cents and a half is too little pay, and I fear Mary is too little to have her faith tested sufficiently to pay the whole of it, and wait till she gets two dollars and a half before paying any more."

"Certainly she is, Jane. Pay five cents, that's the tithing for fifty cents; she can easily wait for that, and Papa will be having some more work for his little daughter so that she can earn some more. Have her little five cents added to my credit there, Jane, same as yours is."

"But, Thomas, the child would like her receipt. It will mean so much more to her."

"Oh, stuff, Jane. What difference can it make? Besides, the clerk will refuse to bother with such trifling sums."

But Mrs. Argyle was not satisfied. She was just getting her own experiences in tithing, and she felt there was much to learn. She said nothing, however, and Mr. Argyle departed for his usual work.

That afternoon as Mary pushed the baby-carriage along with the two babies in, Harvey the tiny one and second baby Peter, she asked her mother:

"Mama, am I to pay all my twenty-five cents in tithing?"

"What do you think about it yourself, dear?"

"I think I ought to pay five cents, as Papa said, and then another five cents when I have got my whole fifty cents."

Mary was never without a well-defined opinion on any subject, ready at a moment's notice; but her conclusions were often prudent, usually conservative, that is, neither too much one way or the other; and the mother sought to encourage self-reliance and independent thought in her little girl, so she answered:

"I think perhaps that's our best plan."

"But, Mama, why can't I get a paper with

my name on it just like Papa does when he pays his tithing.»

«Sure enough Mary, why not? But we'll see when we get to the tithing office.»

When they reached the office, they found the upper office filled with gentlemen, among them being no less a personage than Bishop P——. He was there, as he pleasantly explained to Mrs. Argyle, to attend to general tithing matters.

Little Mary was considerably awed, not only by his exalted position, which her mother carefully explained to her as she introduced the child to the worthy Bishop, but she was also overawed by the grand, dignified manners of this gentleman of the old school.

«Bishop,» said Mrs. Argyle, as soon as greetings were over, «I would like to ask you a question. My little girl here has five cents to pay in tithing. Now, some say this is too small a sum to bother clerks with.»

«What do we keep clerks for?» queried the Bishop, casting at mother and child a sharp and yet kindly glance from under his heavy lids.

Passing over the inference without further remark, the mother went on:

«And I want to ask another thing: little Mary here is just a newly baptized member of the Church, and a little girl, and she may not have many sums to add to it until she is a woman grown. Shall I ask the clerk to be at the trouble of opening an account with her, and giving her a receipt?»

«Why not?» again queried the Bishop. «Isn't her five cents as important as your five dollars? It is to her and to the Lord.»

«Please, sir,» said Mary, stepping modestly yet firmly up to the desk where sat the Bishop, «May I have a paper with my name on it to keep, for my five cents?»

«Of course you may, my child. Here is your paper,» handing a receipt to her.

This incident pleased the mother very much, but she ventured another remark:

«Well, the clerks may object to so much trouble.»

«Turn 'em off, and get some more, then, madam,» answered the good Bishop with a merry twinkle in his eye.

«There is still another question, Bishop,» said Mrs. Argyle.

«Ah, yes,» interposed the Bishop, «you women can ask plenty of questions, but who's to answer them, hey?»

«Just one more,» she laughed in reply. «When wives pay their tithing on butter and eggs, or on their own earnings or property, should it go into their husbands' accounts or should they have a separate account?»

«Why, they should have a separate account. A man may pay his tithing and his wife never tithe her butter or eggs or her own earnings. That which she makes or earns is her own, and should be tithed.»

«Thank you, sir,» answered Mrs. Argyle, «you have cleared up several points for me.»

Mary went home as proud as possible with her little receipt, and nothing that she bought with her money made her so happy as the little slip of paper tucked away in her own little writing-desk:

Mary's mind was deeply impressed with all she had heard on this law of tithing. This all happened some years ago, and she pays a full and faithful tithing now on all she has.

When she was thirteen years old, she gathered up all her receipts and proudly announced to her father that she had paid tithing on forty dollars since she began at eight years old. She had done odd jobs at her father's office, had worked out some, had canvassed for books and had received some money presents. She was never without money, could lend a little to Papa or Mama in cases of emergency and in short she was what Papa called jestingly «a capitalist.»

Mary is the child of working parents, but she has always had plenty; and if you were to ask her now for the reason of the continued material blessings and the prosperity which she enjoys, she would promptly answer:

«It is because I have always paid my tithing faithfully and honestly.» *Homespun.*

NAPOLÉON'S EGYPTIAN ADVENTURE.

I.

IT was a bright, cloudless, burning day in Lower Egypt, in the year 1798.

Beneath the blistering glare of the noonday sun, the white, flat-roofed houses and tall, tapering minarets of Suez stood out gauntly against a dreary background of gray, sandy lifeless desert. Not a breath of wind was stirring in the hot, close, heavy air, and the blue, shining waters of the Gulf of Suez lay outspread like a vast mirror at the foot of the rocky headland of Ras Attakah, on the summit of which sat erect in their saddles a small group of horsemen in the rich uniform of French staff-officers.

The leader of the party seemed to be a small, thin, long-haired man, with a sallow, sickly face, who sat on his horse awkwardly, as if he were anything but a practiced rider. His slight figure appeared quite dwarfish among the sturdy frames and grim faces of the veteran warriors around him; but in his keen, gray eyes, which seemed to pierce right through any one to whom he spoke, there was an expression so stern and commanding that few men could face it unmoved.

And well might it be so. Young though he was,—for he had only just passed his twentieth birthday,—this man had already become famous as the greatest soldier of his time; and although he was as yet known only as General Bonaparte, the day was not far distant when he was to call himself the Emperor Napoleon.

On the brow of the cliff the General reined up his horse, and spoke a few words to his guide, who was quite as remarkable a figure as himself, though in a widely different way. Tall, strongly made, sinewy and active as a deerhound, with his black beard flowing down over his long, white robe, his snowy turban overarching his keen, dark eyes, his short, curving sword suspended in a sash of crimson silk, Sheikh Rustum looked the very picture of an eastern warrior; and the scars that

seamed his swarthy features showed that he had many a time looked in the face of death.

«You say, then,» said Bonaparte, addressing the guide, «that yon sandy patch at the foot of these cliffs is supposed to be the very place where Moses led the Israelites through the sea?»

«So have our fathers told us, Sultan Kebir (King of Fire),» answered the Egyptian, calling the General by the name under which he was already famous throughout all Egypt and Syria. «Along these hills the Sultan of Egypt encamped with his army, and over those sands he went down into the sea to pursue after the Beni Izrail (children of Israel.) But the Prophet Moussa (Moses) prayed unto Allah (God) and Allah brought the sea upon the Sultan and his host, and destroyed them every one. The Sultan was a great conqueror,» added the Sheikh with grim emphasis, as he shot a quick, sidelong glance at Bonaparte, «but he could not conquer the sea.»

«What should hinder us from crossing it ourselves?» said the General, too eager to notice this ominous allusion. «The water is shallow enough, and it is no great distance. Gentlemen, have you a mind to follow in the track of Moses? How is the tide, Rustum?»

«Full ebb,» answered the guide, turning his face quickly away to conceal the gleam of cruel joy that lighted up his great black eyes.

«We'll try it, then,» said Napoleon, in his usual tone of decision. «We have plenty of time to cross, and if the tide comes up before we can get back, it is no long ride around by Suez. Rustum, you can go back to the town. Follow me, gentlemen.»

And off rode the whole party in high spirits, while Rustum's keen eyes followed them with a glare of savage triumph which might have startled the boldest of them if they could have seen it.

«He goes down in his pride to destruction,»

muttered the Sheikh, «even as Sultan Pharaoh did in the days of old. Water quenches fire, and the great King of Fire himself, who has slain my brothers the Mamelukes, shall be quenched by the waves of the sea.»

II.

Merrily rode the French officers over the smooth, firm sand and through the shallow water beyond it, laughing and joking at the idea of going across the sea on horseback. This ride, too, was a much pleasanter one than the last, for the wind had begun to rise, and was blowing steadily from the south over the gulf, bringing with it the freshness and coolness of the open sea. And so they rode onward, onward still, until the rocky bluff of Ras Attakah and the tall figure of Rustum on its summit began to grow dim in the distance.

Suddenly a young captain who rode a little to the right of the party noticed that the water seemed to be deepening rapidly all around them. For a few moments no one thought anything of it; but ere long the General himself checked his horse, and looked keenly southward, every line of his dark, sallow face seeming to harden suddenly as he did so.

The tide was coming in fast, and they were not yet half-way across.

Their only chance was to turn back; but, the moment they did so, the full sweep of the tide, driven against them by the strong south wind, caught them with a force that almost whirled the horses off their feet.

Deeper and deeper grew the water, stronger and stronger pressed the current. And all this while the sun shone joyously overhead, and the leaping waves danced and sparkled in the light, and the wind waved the feathery tops of the distant palm trees, and all around was bright and beautiful.

«We have one chance yet,» cried Bonaparte, rising in his stirrups, and lifting his voice so as to be heard by the whole party. «There is a long sand-bar somewhere hereabout, upon

which the water is only a few feet deep. If we can once find it, we are saved. Let us all ride in different directions, and he who strikes the bar must shout at once.»

The commander's cool, clear tones steadied at once the shaken nerves of his followers, and he was instantly obeyed. Presently a shout was heard from the young captain, who appeared to have risen suddenly out of the water, in which his horse now stood barely knee-deep. The bar was found!

All the rest immediately headed toward him, and began to pick their way along the unseen sand-ridge toward the western shore. More than once the exhausted horses seemed about to fall, with safety actually in sight; but, after a long struggle, they all came safe to land.

When Rustum (who had watched the whole scene with breathless interest) saw them return unharmed, he ran to meet them, and laying his turban on Bonaparte's knee in token of submission, said, gloomily:

«King of Fire, thou art mightier than the waves of the sea. Take my life, for I will ask no mercy.»

«What have you done, then, that I should take your life?» asked the young conqueror, on whose marble features even the peril which he had just escaped had left no trace whatever.

«I am a Mameluke,» answered Rustum, proudly, «and even as thy sword had devoured my brethren, I hoped that the waves would devour thee. When I told thee it was full ebb, I spoke falsely. The tide had already turned, and I sent thee, as I thought, to certain death.»

«It is wasting good material to kill a man while you can do anything else with him,» said Napoleon, as coolly as ever. «If I spare your life, what will you do then?»

«I will be thy servant,» cried the Mameluke, eyeing him with a glance of savage admiration. «Rustum, the son of Selim, can serve none but the greatest chief on earth, and thou art he!»

“So be it,” said Bonaparte. “Henceforth you are my servant, and I think I shall find you a good one.”

And so he did, for in the day of his down-

fall, years later, one of the few who remained faithful to him was Rustum Mameluke.

Selected.



A DAY IN THE MISSION FIELD.

II.—(Conclusion.)

THE next two places received me fairly well, but they did not gush. They had both had No. 1 tract and in answer to my request for an expression of opinion as to what they had read, merely remarked, “It’s very good, just what we learned in school.” I felt doubtful, and so followed up the question with another: “Is it possible that you were instructed in your school about Joseph Smith and the founding in this century of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints through revelation, and that you were taught the absolute necessity of this latter principle, together with prophets, apostles, etc., as much so today as at Christ’s time?” No; they hadn’t been taught exactly that. It was clear that they had read the tract like they read their Bibles—very superficially. They saw no more import therein than if it had been an ordinary Sunday newspaper, although it was about as definite as it could well possibly be. The thought that they might not have been correctly taught in their schools never entered their heads. They accepted all their doctrine on some one else’s statement without ever wishing to put it to the test. This class of people are always very discouraging to do anything with—they are so very, very indifferent. They have a few stock proverbs such as, “Do right and fear nobody,” which, though good enough in a general way, are very indefinite. A superficial glance at anything satisfies them, and they impress one as being very negative.

I urged upon them the importance of investigating what I brought, adding that it was either true or not true. If the former, it ought certainly to be accepted if we follow Paul’s injunction to “Prove all things; hold fast that which is good.” If it is false, they might point out in what particulars. If they really accepted the Bible and had faith in God, they had a way to test the truth or falsity of the tracts without accepting my word for it.

I still had considerable time at my disposal and so betook myself to a house where I had previously left a tract, besides having, at two different times, conversations with the lady, her husband being absent both times. I knocked; no response, and was just about to turn away when the man came charging up the stairs with a bad look in his eye. I thought of the verse, “Be ye therefore wise as serpents and harmless as doves,” but couldn’t help wishing, too, that I were a little larger. In my most honeyed tones I asked if he had read the tract I had left with his wife some time before. “What, read that — stuff, those lies!” He yelled and threw an additional glitter in his eye! “No, I did not; I stuck it the first thing in the fire.” I remarked I hoped he might meet a better fate than the tract had; and as to its being rubbish and lies, how could he possibly know anything about it, not having read it. Before he had thought what he should say next, I had said goodby and was gone.

I did not feel very well in spirit after this short but very hot exchange of words, and in order to restore my equanimity once more, resolved to visit an old lady by whom I had been, on two previous occasions, well received. Luckily she was at home and invited me in. Together we discussed the last tract, No. 2, that she had received. She appeared somewhat convinced that my cause was just, but remarked that she was an old woman of sixty-five and didn't like the thought of having to undergo baptism, particularly by immersion. «Besides,» she added, «I have already been baptized.» I replied, «You're sure of it?» No, she wasn't absolutely sure but she could reasonably suppose she had been, because she had her certificate; she herself was, of course, too young at the time to remember. Going further, I asked if she were positive her baptism was performed in the proper manner and by one having authority. There was no doubt, she said, that the officiating minister had his authority from the government. «But not from God,» I added, and she could not deny my assertion. I told her that if it depended on me alone, I would gladly make a special dispensation in her favor; unfortunately, or fortunately, it did not: human beings haven't the right to change the principles and ordinances of the Gospel, although they have assumed this right in times past. Then, after taking lunch with her, during which we continued our friendly chat, I took my departure, but not before leaving No. 3 for her perusal and a recommendation to read it carefully and ponder it and ask for light concerning it from the only true source.

As I was entering the yard of the next house, I heard two little girls say something about «verruckt,» which means crazy. I didn't look around to see whom they had reference to, but had a strong notion they meant me. I tried to persuade myself that it was quite a matter of indifference what they said about me, but nevertheless there flitted through my mind the scriptural passage which says something about, «Out of the mouths of babes

and sucklings,» etc. The tailor who lived here was a disappointment—much more so than the shoemaker, the interview with whom I have already detailed. It almost made me change the favorable opinion I had formed regarding these two classes of workmen. As far as religion was concerned, this man of the shears was a complete bankrupt; he classed it all as superstition and humbug and was glad he had none of it. I felt the lack of it, too, in his manner, which was very repellant and coarse.

I left him very abruptly, seeing it would be a waste of time and words to argue the question longer, and knocked at two other doors in the same tenement to offer tracts. The answer I got was very brief, merely: «We're Catholics.» I have learned to know that such an answer is as much as to say that such literature or information as I had, could not possibly have any value for them, it might do for ordinary mortals but not at all for adherents of the great Roman Catholic church. The fact is, as some have frankly told me, they are not permitted to read anything of the sort—not even the Bible. This sounds incredible, and I would hesitate to make the assertion if so many Catholics here had not assured me that it was so. This is peculiar in view of the Savior's injunction, «Search the scriptures, for in them ye think ye have eternal life,» etc. However, not all Catholics heed the advice; a good many do read the Bible as well as literature other than that of their own church. I did not try to persuade these particular Catholics against their will, for that would not have accomplished any good.

The time had sped by until the afternoon was almost gone, and still there was one more visit I particularly wanted to make. It was to an old lady who also lived in an attic room, but her surroundings were neat and clean and a good spirit seemed to prevail about her. Her thoughts also, as I had discovered on my previous visits, were like her surroundings—well ordered. She seemed pleased to see me, and remarked she feared I wasn't coming any

more. Unlike a good many other people who, as soon as the word Mormon is mentioned, proceed to tell you all they know and a good deal more that they don't know about this people, this old lady was very anxious to learn what I had to say. I proceeded to explain to her more fully some of the things she had seen mentioned in the tracts and then asked her if she had found anything thus far in our doctrines or in my remarks that was contrary to the teachings and spirit of Christ; if, in fact, it wasn't identically the same Gospel that He preached. I begged her to continue her investigations very carefully, and if in future she found anything whatever that was not quite right according to her ideas, to mention it freely so that I might explain our position and views. I added that our doctrines are there to be proved and must stand or fall on their merits, no matter what the world has to say about the founder. Joseph Smith has been designated a false prophet and deceiver; that question can best be decided by an examination of what he accomplished. It is impossible to gather grapes from thorns or figs from thistles. A false prophet must of course make false predictions; but if the predictions of the supposed false prophet do come true and his general works are good, the term «false» has no application to him. Joseph Smith has long been dead, but time is surely vindicating him.

Then we drifted into another channel, I remarking that we don't claim to be the sole guardians of truth or that all others are completely in the wrong. There are many not of us who, from high motives and convictions of its truth and value, are endeavoring to spread real Christianity in the world. Since that is also precisely our mission, such people can't differ very radically from us. We, however, make one claim that these others do not—a claim, too, without which their cause can't stand: we say that we have been specifically called as was Aaron, through revelation, and that we alone have the Priesthood. It sounds like presumption, perhaps, but a

careful and prayerful investigation will surely prove that it is not. As these others make no such claim and as we are so sure of our point, it is of course impossible that we desert our flag to join their ranks, however noble their purpose and zealously they throw themselves into their work. All who are really imbued with a desire to live up to the teachings of Christ and to help spread the same among their fellows, should unite themselves with us—first of course satisfying themselves that our claims are well founded—for unitedly we can do so much more than singly. There is only one test today of fitness for membership in the Church of Jesus Christ, and it is the same test that was required when He was on the earth, viz: a broken heart and a contrite spirit and a desire to do one's whole duty.

Then the conversation turned upon a certain popular preacher who was just then giving a series of talks upon different scriptural subjects. The tide of public sentiment seemed to run strongly to him because of his fine rhetoric and vigorousness. This lady had also been to hear him and spoke very enthusiastically, almost with veneration, about him. I, on the contrary, had positive knowledge to the effect that a year or two previous, he had been mixed up in a very disgusting piece of business, but had somehow managed to hush it up. I didn't wish to tell her what I knew to be a fact since it might appear that I was prompted by envy to exalt myself by tearing him down; so I got out my Testament and read the chapter in Matthew which deals with Pharisees, laying particular stress on this verse, «All therefore whatsoever they bid you observe, that observe; but do ye not after their works, for they say and do not.» Then I brought my visit to a close, but was obliged to promise to visit her again right soon.

This ended the day; I returned to my room, feeling, if not entirely satisfied, still a certain contentment that I had done my duty.

Lewis T. Cannon.

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.

THE PARABLE OF THE «UNJUST STEWARD.»



NE of our correspondents informs us that there is some difference of opinion as to the «parable of the unjust steward» and the principle taught therein; and he asks us for an explanation of the subject.

The parable is to be found in the 16th chapter of Luke, and according to our opinion it conveys an exceedingly important lesson.

To begin with, it should be understood that the Lord has entrusted us all with a stewardship. He has placed under the control of man the elements of the earth, to do with them as seemeth good to him. This stewardship—that is, its extent or its value—may vary and does vary in each individual case. Some of us as stewards have large possessions and a large share of the elements which belong to the earth. Others have a smaller share. But we are all stewards, and undoubtedly will be required at some time in the future to account for the manner in which we use these stewardships.

In the parable referred to, our attention is directed to the case of one who was about to be deprived of his stewardship by his master. He was accused of having handled his master's goods in a wasteful or perhaps dishonest manner, and he was thereupon required by the master to give an account of his stewardship. Then he felt himself driven to the necessity of doing something that would be of benefit to him when he should lose his position. He argues to himself: «What shall I do? for my lord taketh away from me the stewardship: I cannot dig; to beg I am ashamed. I am resolved what to do, that, when I am put out of the stewardship, they may receive me into their houses.» Then he proceeds to exercise his authority as a steward, for he had not yet been deprived of it, to make himself friends out of the

debtors of his master. He calls them all before him, and says to one: «How much owest thou unto my lord?» and upon being told, he reduces the amount one-half, giving what would appear to be a receipt or an amended bill to the debtor. The obligation of the next debtor he reduces twenty per cent; and while the record does not expressly say so, the inference is that he proceeded in like manner through the whole list of debtors—the presumption is that he made similar settlements with all of them.

Everyone will be able to understand that in this manner he could accomplish that which he had set out to do—make to himself friends; by virtue of the stewardship which he still held he had used his master's property to gain favor for himself with his master's debtors. *And he was commended for this, «because he had done wisely.»*

The Savior, concluding the parable, enjoined upon those who were listening to Him: «Make to yourselves friends [by means] of the mammon of unrighteousness; that, when ye fail, they may receive you into everlasting habitations.» The insertion of the words in brackets is only for the purpose of making the meaning more clear. The book of Doctrine and Covenants (par. 22, sec. 82) uses the words: «Make unto yourselves friends *with* the mammon of unrighteousness,» which in meaning is the same as the language used in the New Testament.

Now, herein is a great principle and a great lesson. Men have received stewardships—and some are entrusted by our Father with much of the «mammon of unrighteousness,» in other words, with worldly possessions and perhaps wealth. Being only stewards, and having in their hands or under their control the possessions with which the Lord has entrusted them, they can, if they are wise men, employ these possessions in doing great good to themselves by assisting and befriending those who by virtue of works of righteous-

ness may not fail in attaining unto «everlasting habitations.» They can by conferring earthly benefits make to themselves friends, who may be in a position to receive them into everlasting habitations in case they themselves should fail in reaching that which they desired.

This may seem like strange doctrine, but it is nevertheless true. For instance: Those who conferred favors upon the Savior when He was upon the earth would certainly not be forgotten by Him in the eternal world. After His resurrection He was restored to the full power which He possessed before He took on a mortal tabernacle; and He was in a position so exalted as to be able to confer benefits on those who had shown kindness to Him. Abraham, the father of the faithful, «hath entered into his exaltation,» the Lord tells us in the Doctrine and Covenants (par. 29, sec. 132), «and sitteth upon his throne.» A similar statement is made (par. 19, sec. 124) as to others. It applies to Prophets and Saints of both former and later time. Shall not these worthy persons be in a position to reward by some favor, or friendship, or intercession, or benefit, those who befriended them with the «mammon of unrighteousness» (in whatsoever sense the term may be used) when they were upon the earth? And if they are in a position to do this, is it likely that they will fail to make return for kindness previously shown them?

No doubt if the full history of all the Prophets could be read, it would be found that in all ages when men of God were on the earth there were persons who used the wealth or the other means in their possession to benefit and assist these servants of the Lord in the labors that devolved upon them. It was surely so in the case of the Prophet Joseph Smith. Sometimes the people who have been thus moved to act in a friendly manner or to extend material aid have not had much faith in the Gospel; sometimes they have been total unbelievers and have not been strict in living according to the

precepts laid down for the guidance and salvation of the children of men; yet they have been moved upon to render assistance to the servants of God. We have many instances of this character in mind in the case of the Prophet Joseph. Those who acted toward him in this manner made a friend of him with the means or the «mammon of unrighteousness» which they held in their possession; and there can be no doubt that in the great future, when he will have attained to his exaltation and received the power that will be conferred upon him, he will be in a position to extend favor unto those who had conferred benefits upon him in the exercise of their stewardship in this life. It will be reckoned unto them for good, and not for evil; they will be commended because they «had done wisely;» and thus in many instances will it be shown that the «children of this world are in their generation wiser than the children of light.»

In this parable and the Savior's comments upon it, are many other points and lessons that may be studied with profit. There is an exposition of the doctrine of the great scope and the absolute freedom of man's agency; also a lesson as to the proper and legitimate exercise of the same, applying to the use to be made of means, or power, or the «mammon of unrighteousness» by stewards. But these are subjects upon which we will not further enlarge at the present time.



THE SACRAMENTAL HOUR IN SUNDAY SCHOOL OR MEETING.

As to whether the administration of the Sacrament should immediately follow the opening exercises of the Sunday School or meeting, or be postponed until later or near the close, depends much on circumstances. There may be cases where certain business ought to be attended to before the Sacrament is administered—this is especially so in meetings where, for instance, there may be members of the Church to be confirmed,

or where there may be difficulties to be settled, all of which may be more properly attended before the bread and water are partaken of. On the other hand, the usual exercises of the school or meeting, the speaking, etc., are less liable to interruption, and the attention of the congregation is less liable to distraction if the Sacrament is administered before the general exercises

begin. The latter practice therefore prevails, except under the special circumstances above referred to, although there is no fixed or positive rule of the Church on the subject.

These remarks are called forth by a correspondent's question, an answer to which, through these columns, we think may not be without interest to others.



TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

THE TRIAL OF JESUS—A JEWISH SUGGESTION FOR REVISION.

MOST readers will remember something of the famous Dreyfus trial in France a short time ago. This man, an officer in the French army, was charged with having done that which is considered almost the gravest crime of which a soldier can be guilty, namely, betraying military information to the representatives of another nation which is or at some time may be at war with the nation whose secrets are thus divulged. The proceedings in the Dreyfus case were extraordinary from beginning to end. The accused was brought before one court and then another, and from the outset it was evident that through spite against him personally or in order to shield some one else, his conviction and doom were determined upon. He had only the merest shadow or pretense of an opportunity to defend himself—the army, the courts, the press and the populace being overwhelmingly against him. Sure enough, he was in due time convicted and sentenced to lonely life banishment and imprisonment on a small and uninhabited island far enough away from civilization and the paths of commerce to insure against his ever escaping or even hearing of what was going on in the great world outside. From this living tomb—for

he was certain soon to die from disease or to become a maniac—he was rescued only a few months ago through a series of sensational developments and scandals, as well as a few suicides, in France, which led to a reopening and review of his case. At the close he was set at liberty, though not fully acquitted or restored to his former position and influence.

Dreyfus is a Jew. This, in the minds of most of his co-religionists as well as in the opinion of thousands of others, was the chief crime of which his enemies found him guilty. Certainly all the anti-Jewish influences and agencies in France were arrayed against him. Equally true is it that the revision of his trial was a demand of the Jews, and such restoration as has been given him was brought about originally by Jewish efforts. And now a singular proposition comes from some thoughtful leaders of that race. Noticing the clamor for the redress of the cruel wrong and the injustice done this Jew captain, their thoughts go back to a great case that was tried by their fathers more than eighteen hundred years ago; and they are in favor of a revision of that trial also. They want to reverse the condemnation procured by their forefathers against the Crucified One. There seems to be an awakening of conscience in many sensitive Jewish minds

—in Russia it is said to amount almost to a repentance of the entire race—and a desire to clear themselves by a united act of attempted redress. They point out how similar in outward circumstances the two trials were—this of course without irreverent comparison between the victims, one being the Messiah of the world and the Captain of human salvation, the other a mere earthly soldier, with no other instincts than belong to sinful mortality and probably with his full share of its faults. In both instances there was the passing of the case from court to court in the effort of the authorities to get rid of the burden of responsibility; there was the rancor of blind popular prejudice; there was the innocence of the accused. Having right before their eyes a case where one of themselves is made a victim of wrong, it is not difficult for Jewish consciences to be quickened to see a wrong which they themselves have done.

The idea of a solemn assembly of the descendants of those who cried «Away with Him,» convening after eighteen hundred years to pronounce Him innocent, may be considered fantastic and impracticable, and yet it is fascinating. It could not but be dramatic beyond all parallel in the annals of the human race. It would not need to have any appearance of irreverence—it would be a supreme act of conscience and a tribute to eternal justice. Neither would it imply by any means that the Jews who took part in securing the reversal of the earlier judgment, and who

endorsed this tardy act of redress, were about to turn Christians. The Roman centurion declared at the foot of the cross: «Certainly this was a righteous man;» the modern Jews can at least go that far. Neither would the proposition carry with it the idea that the Jews were more culpable and blood-thirsty than under the same circumstances any other race would have been. «They took the cross which we should have had ready,» writes one who is neither a Jew nor a lover of the Jews, «and did our crucifying for us.» There is truth in the admission; for this deed had to be done for mankind and by mankind. This latter thought is quoted as a still greater reason why the race that wrought the deed should wish to cleanse its hands.

Whether or not this remarkable proposal shall receive enough favor to give it tangible shape, the mere suggestion of it shows an interesting development in liberality of thought among the «chosen people.» Their part in the future history of this earth is in no sense mean or inconsiderable. Such movements as are from time to time mentioned in connection with their drift toward the Holy Land and their acquisition of portions of it, are but steps in the fulfillment of their destiny. And if these physical indications are significant, how immensely more important would be a solemn and majestic act of conscience such as these Russian Jews are now urging upon their co-religionists in other parts of the world!

The Editor.



FOR OUR LITTLE FOLKS.

FAVIE'S SCRAPES AND SCRAMBLES.

Childhood bright and sunny,
Calls for stories new;
Whether grave or funny,
Favie's scrapes are true.
Oft a dear boy rambles,
Though his friends forbid;
Favie's lucky scrambles,
Show what one boy did.

FAVIE'S mother says he was born, (like George Washington,) on the 22nd of February. But it was the year 1838 when Favie was born. How old would Washington have been, had he lived until then? I think many of you children can answer that question readily; and the others can easily find the answer; so I will not give it here.

It was in Kirtland, Ohio, where Favie was born. That is where the first Mormon Temple was built, you know, boys and girls!

Favie's father and mother had belonged to the Mormon Church for more than six years.

Brother Kane, Favie's father, had been a missionary and had preached the Gospel, and baptized a good many people; and he had taught school, and clerked in a store, and he was a good gardener, and could do almost anything first-rate.

He was only a very young man when he married Favie's mother; not twenty-one, and his wife was a little more than nineteen. But they loved each other, and were devoted to their religion. So they shared the trials and mobbings brought upon the Saints by their enemies with great patience. They had come to Kirtland in 1835, soon after they were married.

A little daughter was first born to them,

nearly two years before Favie's birth. That little sister Emily thought nothing else so nice and sweet as her Mama's baby. She could talk to him and make him laugh when he was a few months old; and he soon learned to watch for her smile and listen for her voice.

Favie's mother was very sick after his birth, and came near dying. And her baby had to take its food from a bottle, there was no other way for him. The mother got better after a long time.

And then the little sister took the croup, and died suddenly. Baby Favie was too young to know anything about that. Doubtless he missed the voice and smile of the bright little sister for a few days, without knowing what it was that was missing; he was only four months old. But to the poor, weak mother, the loss of her little daughter was a terrible shock.

She did not have long to grieve over the little grave, however, for the Saints were driven out from Kirtland, and had to leave the graves of their loved ones who had died there. And Brother and Sister Kane went, like the rest, to find another place, and make a new home. One night, while they were traveling, they were allowed to sleep in a house and on a bed-stead. Something happened then which made a difference with Favie's way of getting his living ever after. They had been used to sleeping on the floor in camp houses, or on the ground, anywhere except in a comfortable bed.

Favie wanted a drink in the night; his father got his bottle for him, and he drank

his milk from it and went to sleep. The poor, tired father had been used to setting the bottle on the floor at the head of the bed, and forgot that they were on a bedstead that night. He let the bottle fall, and it broke in pieces.

Favie was seven months old then, and he

had to drink his milk from a cup after that night, as his bottle was broken and there was no chance of getting another. That was quite a change for him, but he took to it without much trouble.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

L. L. Greene Richards.



THE OLD HOOK RUG.

When Aunt Belinda got her frame and stretched
some burlap in with tacks,
And set two chairs exactly right and hung the
frame across their backs,
We children used to huddle 'round and watch the
thing with all our eyes,
And get in Aunt Belinda's way and make her old-
maid temper rise;
But yet we braved her cuffs and threats and
crowded up around her snug,
Determined not to miss a move in starting in to
hook that rug.

I've seen a lightning artist paint and entertain a
sidewalk mob,
And people who are looking on can see he's doing
quite a job.
But he can never hold my gaze as my old Aunt
Belinda could
When, taking from the ash-strewn hearth
A piece of charred and blackened wood,
She drew upon the burlap breadth designs as fast
as we could look—
Squee-jiggers, scrolls and twists and quirks—to
show the figures she could hook.

And when upon the virgin cloth the border slowly,
slowly grew,
It seemed to our young, anxious gaze that such a
task would ne'er be through,
So many bits of rag and tag, so many hooks and
pulls and snips,
It seemed as vast and grand a task as building
palaces and ships.

And in our childish eyes, I fear, Creation's self
had not to lug
The burden Aunt Belinda did when she com-
menced to hook a rug.

And yet with things well under way, her tem-
per softened and she took
Our proffered aid, and when it came to "filling
in" she let us hook.
She let us pick the colors out and rummage
through the bulging bags,
And separate the woollen strips and snip and
twist the cotton rags;
And when at last the frame was full and Pa with
sheep shears clipped it snug,
We shared in Aunt Belinda's pride as under-
studies on that rug.

A score or more of years ago Belinda passed
where rugs are not;
I trust she walks on pearl and gold while mor-
tals tread the rugs she wrought.
For she has earned eternal rest who worked so
hard this side the tomb,
Who put such patience in her tasks to cheer the
old home's dear fore-room.
But when, my boy, we wander home, we weary
worldlings curst by cares,
And tiptoe to the dear old room and sit there in
the horsehair chairs,
Those dear old rugs bring only tears that drop
upon them as we look—
For, oh, that ragged rug of life our hands since
then have helped to hook!

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No. 8—For Ogden and the West	9:05 p. m.
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